place even once in a hundred thousand or a million instances.

XII

So long *I* was working in the weaving shed, but gradually I seemed to get so very highly saturated with m}* work, that it appeared almost impossible for me to continue there any more. ! felt as though a portion of my mind had already got converted into a loom; and whenever I tried to work, I saw, that the mind-loom would also begin to work, creating a disturbance altogether beyond my control, I, for instance, wanted to draw a particular part of the loom towards me, but before 1 could do so, the mind-loom had done that already, so that there remained little or no opportunity for me to do what I wanted. If, in spite of it all, I tried to exert myself, regardless of consequences, it became quite impossible for me to keep time regularly, as against the contradictory mind-stuff that acted just as a separate entity, working quite independently and

fitfully, like a spoilt child that is beyond all possible submission and restraint. As a result, there arose